

Many bricks layered upon the mind, fragmenting understanding, as each generator houses the shell of Self. Self is apparent to being yet also the Higher Self. The non-being is the non-Self, this is the Reality.

The Ego patterns the mind, creating walls; unable to fall, yet taken down in a single moment of surrender. Upon seeing the Wall, it is the service to Self to first recognize the Fear caused due to an animalistic Ego.

Path to take upon the middle? The routes will bring you home. Once in thy abode of the Heart, one will see that this is how Love Starts.

The Heart, silent beats that pulse within; a feeling, a hope, as love wills not to decompose, yet find different soils with nurturing Oneness that is beyond fate.

A Heart of many walls is like a castle of old memories. Dead branches for fallen tree's amongst the groove. Like roots digging deep, holding mind still; a window's rosaries saint, feels her Soul's will. Praise daily, yet pain withers away, so man written Odyssey; the play.

Feelings lost, yet found in my Heart, ripped apart. This arm of pain, leverage of the brain, leaves some insane. Yet siddhi brings forth Source, allowing connection to what is when what is realizes Self, the essence of Being. It's subjection moves to a higher serene pattern of thought. Yet each thought as a wall around the Heart, lies hidden as it breaks apart, yet with the line faded, no walls of defences; migration. Yet as many odes sense transmigration; Alive so such does each current drive; us to be alive.

This is, that was, anchoring reason in Hopes of Love; as emergence comes into the Now, the essence of now is accepting all moments as Being. Precise absolute Order supports this.

One must see the River that Sources steady deliverance from its flow.